

Mrs. S. S. Luckett,  
Pyeng Yang,  
Korea



Mr. James D. Luckett  
~~Danville~~  
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Virg.

U.S.A.

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Dear sweet Boy - ~~my mother~~ ~~my wife~~ ~~my sister~~ ~~my brother~~ ~~my son~~ ~~my daughter~~

I have just read your letter of Aug. 26, with its history of your heavy burden. Dear heart, I knew so well what it all meant for I bore just that heavy load so long alone with the added anguish of the sad and daily more sad condition of the dear ones I loved as you love Lenore, with all the years of added love. There were whole nights that I could not sleep for heartache and anxiety and the one with whom I had shared every burden for so many years, powerless to even pity. Dear heart, my greatest burden and sorrow in going away has been for you and your responsibilities. I hoped so to help with it all when I got established here, more than it was possible for me to do even there. I have prayed constantly for you and for direction in all things and if this is God's answer I accept it. Don't think for a moment of my disappointment - it is nothing if you can be relieved and helped. I love and admire you beyond words to tell for your courage and for the brave fight you have made. And I appreciate more than I can ever say your tender consideration for me in it all. I know your loyal love

it has never failed me for one moment even when you suffered most. Dear you have done right and all that any one could do with the pressure that was brought to bear. I just pray that you will not suffer in giving up the farm. I can't help to have it hurt you. As you say, dear, it served its purpose during the terrible last three years. I think our beloved one could not have been as comfortable anywhere else nor perhaps have stayed as long with us as he did there. Since his going, dear, it has been harder and harder for me to live there - every spot was so full of him and of suffering. Some nights I could hardly bring myself to go up to our room where I spent that last awful year, practically alone with him. I just dreaded to see it get dark and though I tried to make it as sweet as I could and I did love it - oh, the heart was gone, out of it forever for me. So do not think of me, dear, if it is not too hard for you - that is my only concern. It will be all right for George to use Harry but he belongs to me and I don't want him sold to anyone. If I need to sell him I want to do so myself. I am glad for George to use him. In adjusting all the debts remember to pay Lucy some extra interest. I cannot use her money three years for nothing when I know how she earned it. I also want to know just how much George had in the Building Association and I want it returned to him. I want you to take what you need for clothes and wedding things, just as you would your own, for you have earned it. After the first wrench is over, dear sweet boy, I am sure we will feel relieved and happier than to go on for years carrying the heavy load. We can get another farm come, someday, for indeed, dear, I look forward to the future years with you and our sweet Lenore, with joy. I am coming home to stay with you. If I could only help you go through all this change now, how glad I would be. Only know dear, that whatever you do is all right with me. In his letter George says I have made it hard for you by not wanting you to sell the farm. But I only asked that of you in case it was possible to hold on to it. But I will be so thankful, so, so thankful dear to be free from debt, at any price. dear, if we want to take enough money to finish school, now, I want you to be free to do so. How thank

Ful I am that you have sweet  
Lenore and kind and helpful  
Mr. Williams to help you. I had  
a dear letter with yours today  
from Lenore. How these letters  
help, oh, you cannot know! I  
want you and George to select  
some mark for our dear one's  
resting place, something plain  
and in good taste, perhaps \$400  
or \$500. I wish Lenore could help  
select it, too, she cares so much.  
Be sure to take our girls with  
it, too - they are so near. Emma  
wrote me a letter that reveal-  
ed her deep self to me. She  
said my going had taken <sup>so</sup>  
much out of her life just as  
the going away of her good, true  
friend had done - that she had  
felt his death more than she  
had ever been able to reveal.  
What a fine nature she has.  
Dear, if I have not done right  
in coming here for this work then  
I don't know how one is ever  
to know what is right. Do you

= Could hear these missionary parents  
and all the missionaries here at  
this big Conference the things they  
say to me and their gratitude and  
happiness at having me here  
at the head of this school and home.  
if all these things mean anything  
then I have been following God's  
plan and not my own. men  
and women alike tell me, almost  
with tears, how thankful they are. And  
when I see how they have come  
this work themselves and their  
struggle and when I know the  
awful sacrifice entailed in  
sending off their children to the  
other side of the world, I think  
what does it matter if I have  
suffered if I can now help.

Today has been strenuous, in-  
dud. Let me tell it to you. This  
morning we had breakfast at 7:30  
then I gave the orders for the day  
to the servants and at 9:40 went  
to the school for my classes - the  
children having gone on before  
at 9 o'clock. At 11 o'clock they sent  
for all of us to come to where

the Conference was so they could take a picture  
of the mansion, children and all. I hope I can  
send you a picture of the 40 babies and children  
and another of the 60 or 70 missionaries, taken  
later. Then at 12:30 (our dinner hour) Blanche  
and George and Miss Fish and Miss Saunders, the  
new missionary, came to dinner with us, making  
just twelve of us. I'll give our menu. Roast  
beef, roast sweet potatoes, corn cut off the cob,  
cold slaw, orange marmalade (from Ch. of Cor. barrel)  
bread, butter, coffee, baked apples and devil's food  
cake. A "lovely" dinner and well cooked and serv-  
ed by my faithful Koreans. Then this afternoon  
from 5 to 6:30 was a reception or "at home" to  
which the whole Conference was invited. Our  
table was set prettily with some things borrowed  
as they do here, and my embroideries and silver.  
In the center was that brass bowl full of nastur-  
tiums. We had delicious cookies, made today, arrow-  
root crackers, crisp ginger snaps and salty bread  
sticks and fresh salted peanuts. and tea, coffee  
and fruit punch (grape juice and lemons) which  
the men pronounced fine. The ladies of the dormitory  
committee ~~promised~~<sup>assisted</sup> and my oldest girls here served.  
We had about seventy five present and a most  
beautiful affair, so everyone said. They all said  
this is not a dormitory but a real home and  
they intend to name it the "Lockett home". The  
houses here are all called by the name of the people  
who live in them. Do you see dear, it has been a  
strenuous day. This morning our good old bachelor  
brought me a bunch of home mail, yours and  
George's and Lenore's and Emma's and Mrs. Fawcett's  
and two from Lucy. I had to read all that before I could

go on with my preparations for  
our reception as you know  
what was in my heart when I  
was welcoming all those people.  
I think the things they said to  
me perhaps helped the heart  
ache for it makes me feel our  
suffering is not in vain. If you  
are only happy, dear boy of mine  
I will be too. I wore my little  
white satin dress and white shoes  
tonight - the children like it so  
much. I wore it out to a dinner  
last night, too. Oh, people are so  
dear to me here - I can't ever  
feel I deserve it. These children  
over I have charge of are just  
the sweetest finest children in  
the world. Tomorrow night one of  
the gentlemen is going to run our  
radioptican for us. We got carvicle  
to day. I will have all the school  
children in to see it. Dear boy, just  
know that I am right with every  
plan of yours and feel that you have  
been wonderfully brave and wise.  
I pray constantly for you and I know  
you care. Deepest love - Mother.